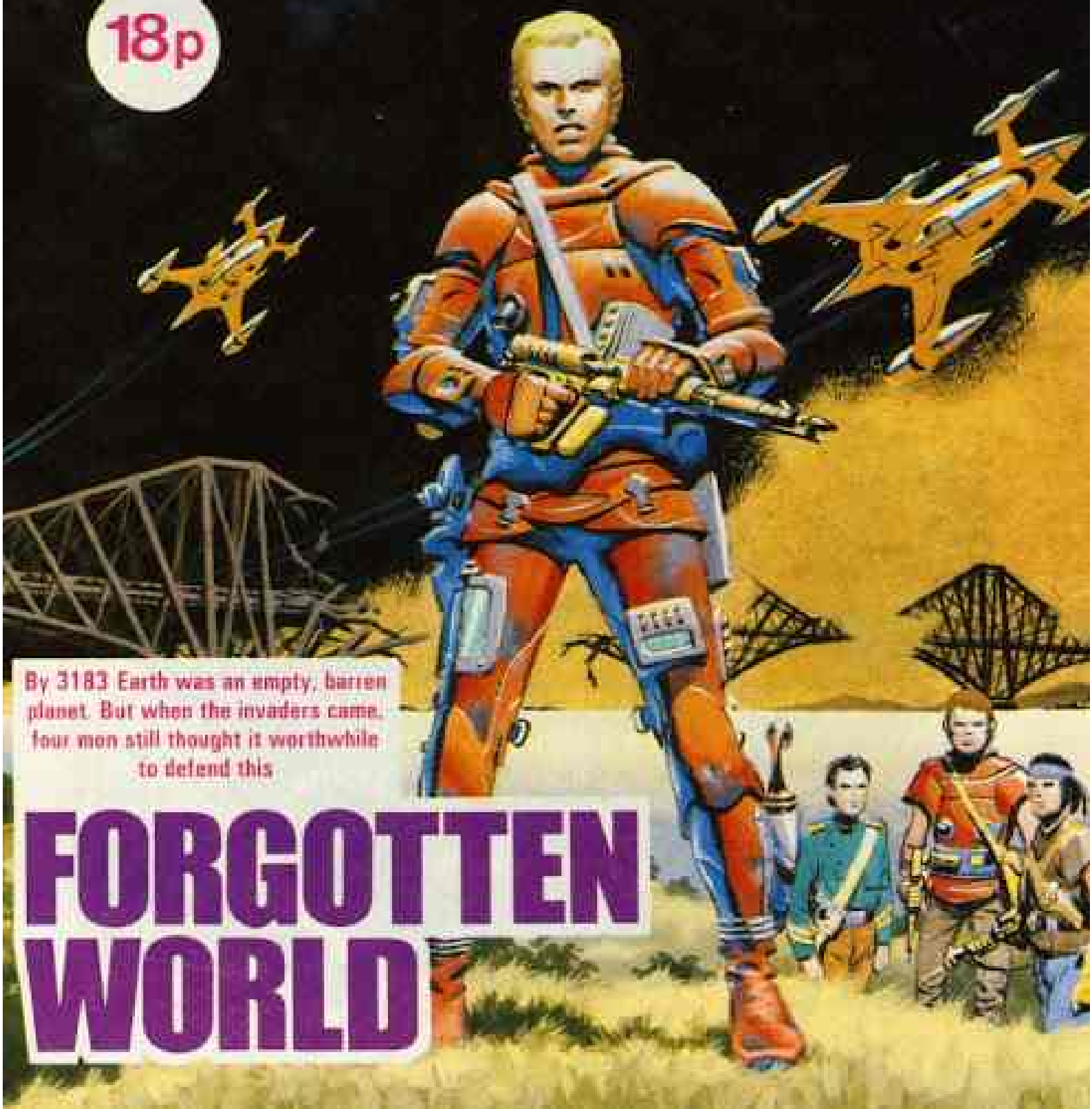
# STARBLAZER

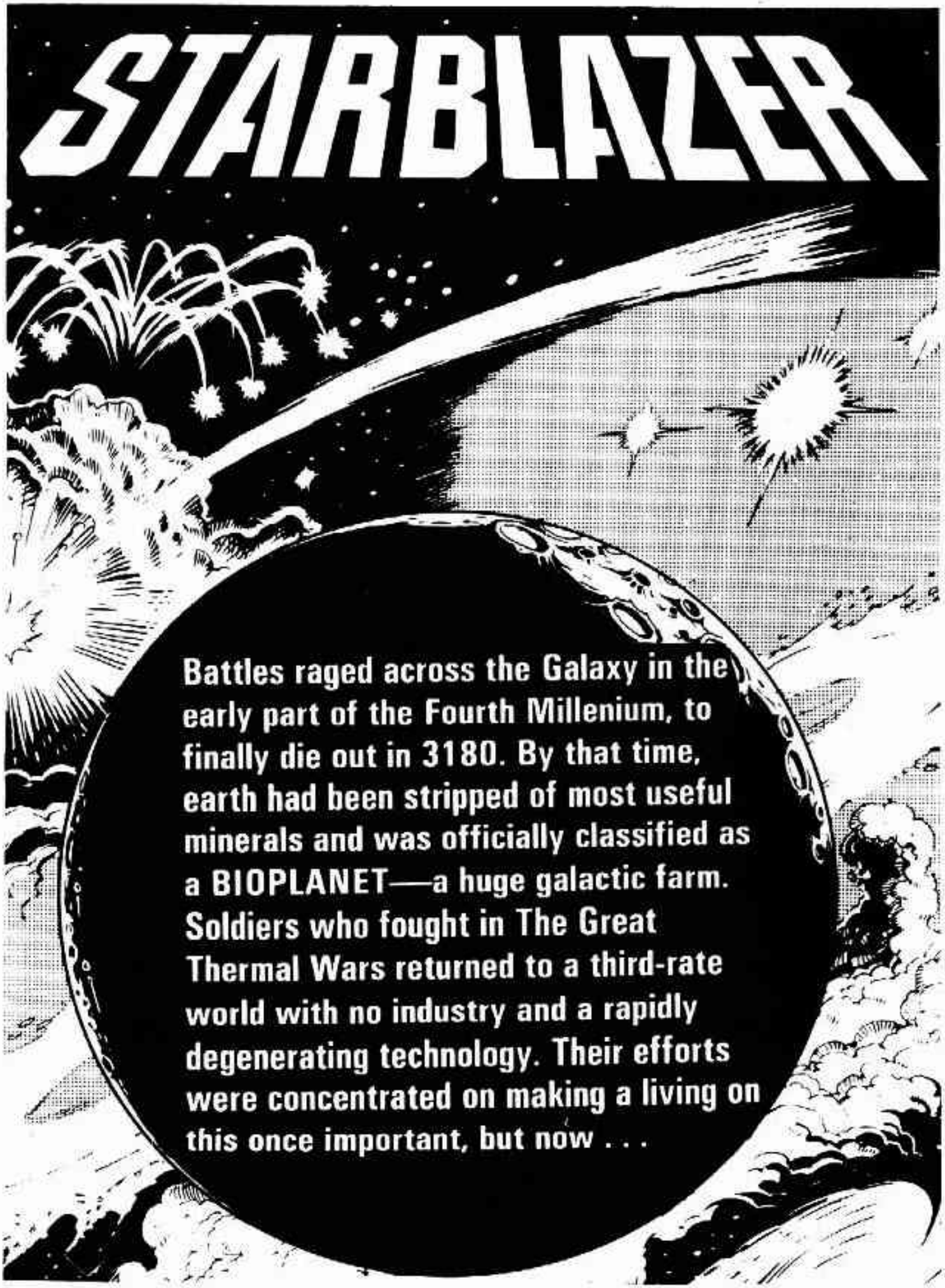
SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 101

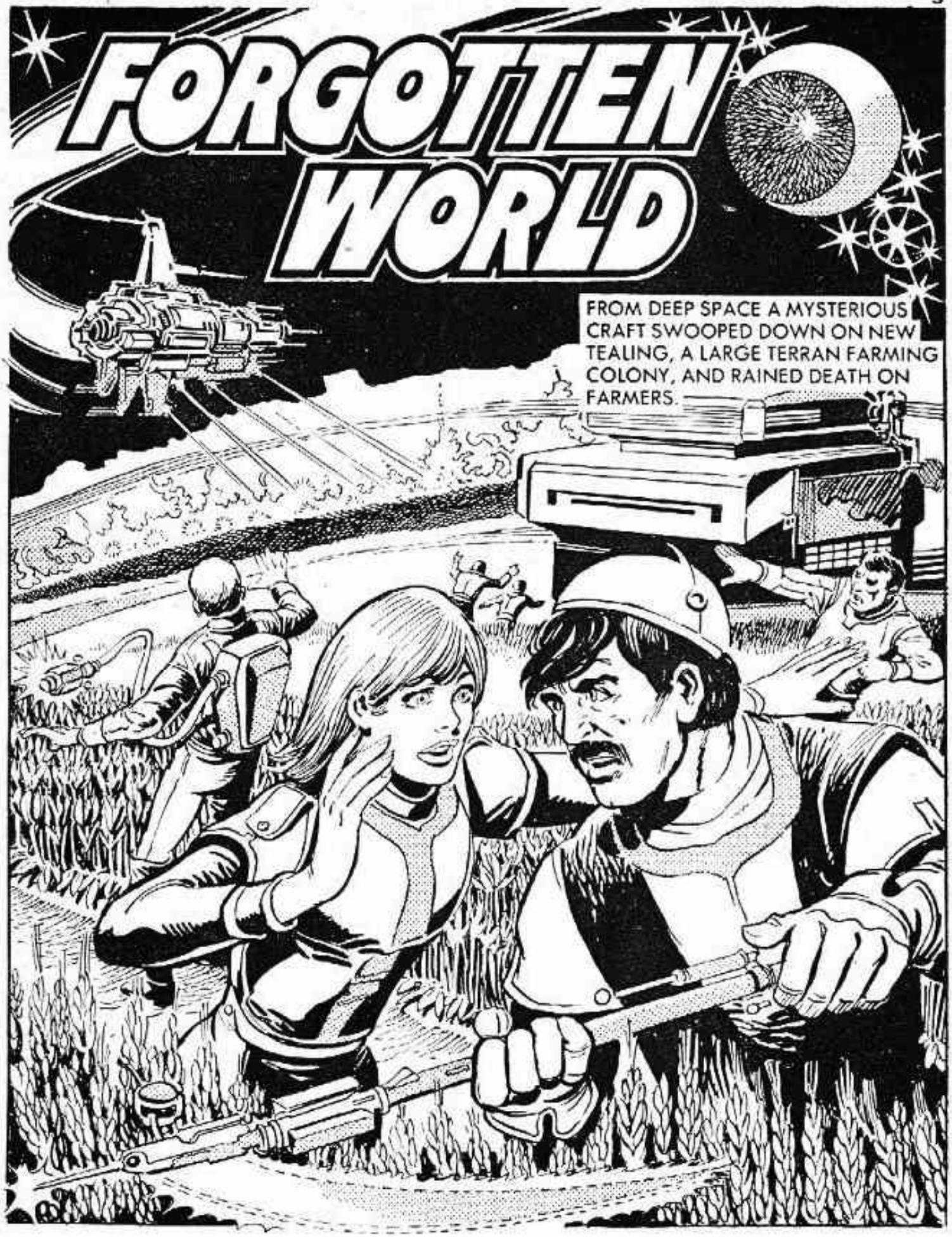
18p



By 3183 Earth was an empty, barren planet. But when the invaders came, four men still thought it worthwhile to defend this

# FORGOTTEN WORLD

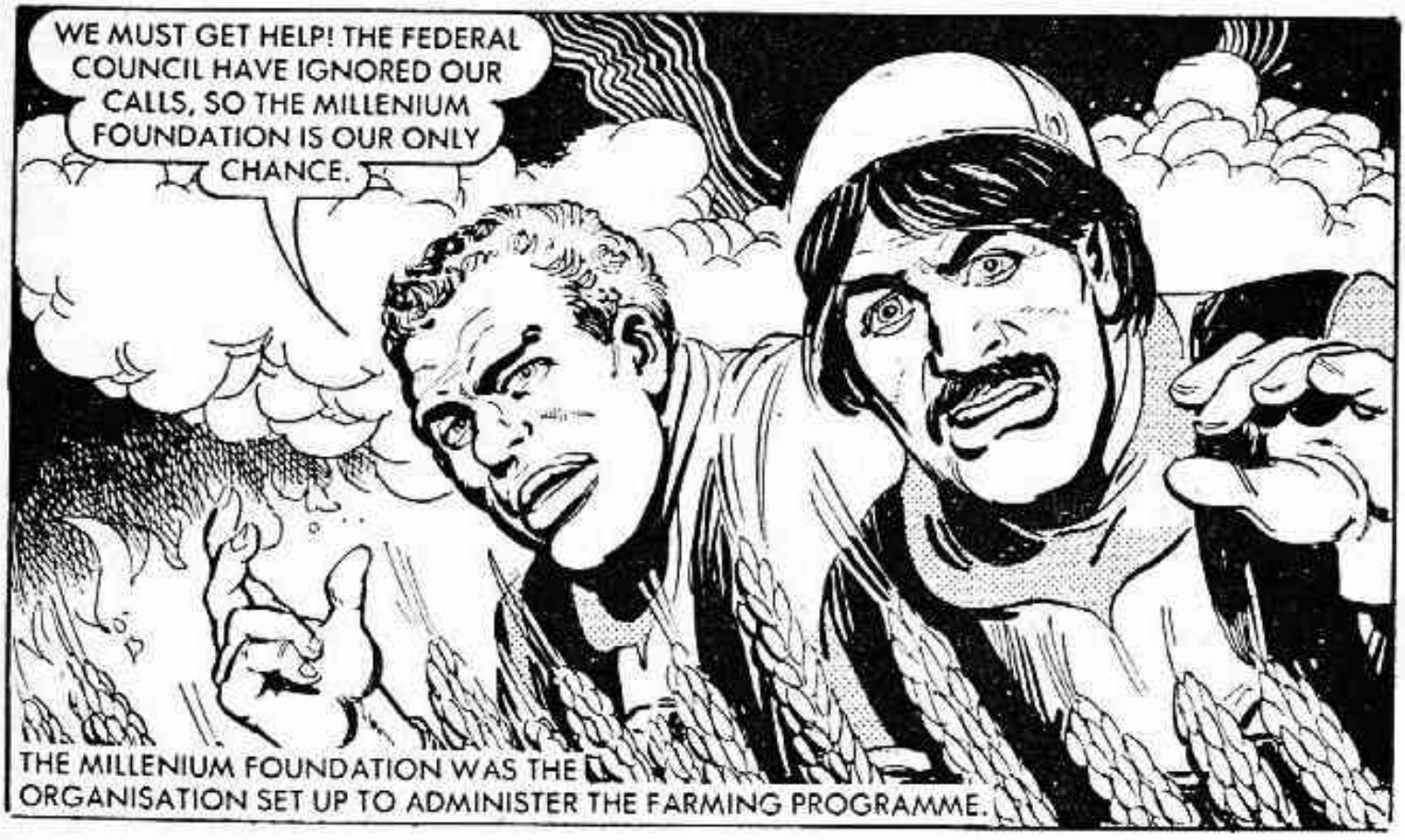

STARBLAZER
Battles raged across the Galaxy in the early part of the Fourth Millenium, to finally die out in 3180. By that time, earth had been stripped of most useful minerals and was officially classified as a BIOPLANET—a huge galactic farm. Soldiers who fought in The Great Thermal Wars returned to a third-rate world with no industry and a rapidly degenerating technology. Their efforts were concentrated on making a living on this once important, but now . . .

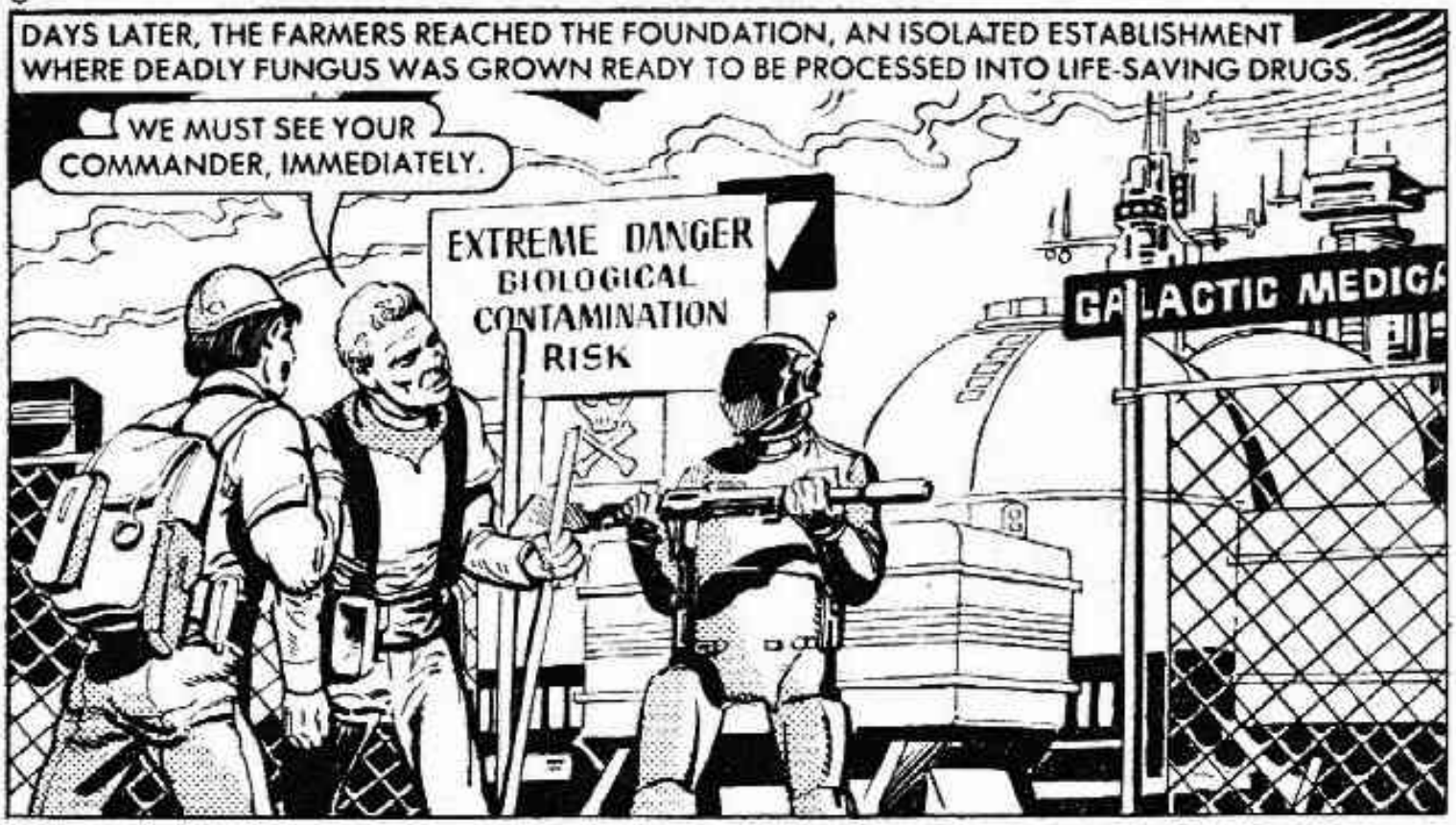

FORGOTTEN WORLD
FROM DEEP SPACE A MYSTERIOUS CRAFT SWOOPED DOWN ON NEW TEALING, A LARGE TERRAN FARMING COLONY, AND RAINED DEATH ON FARMERS.

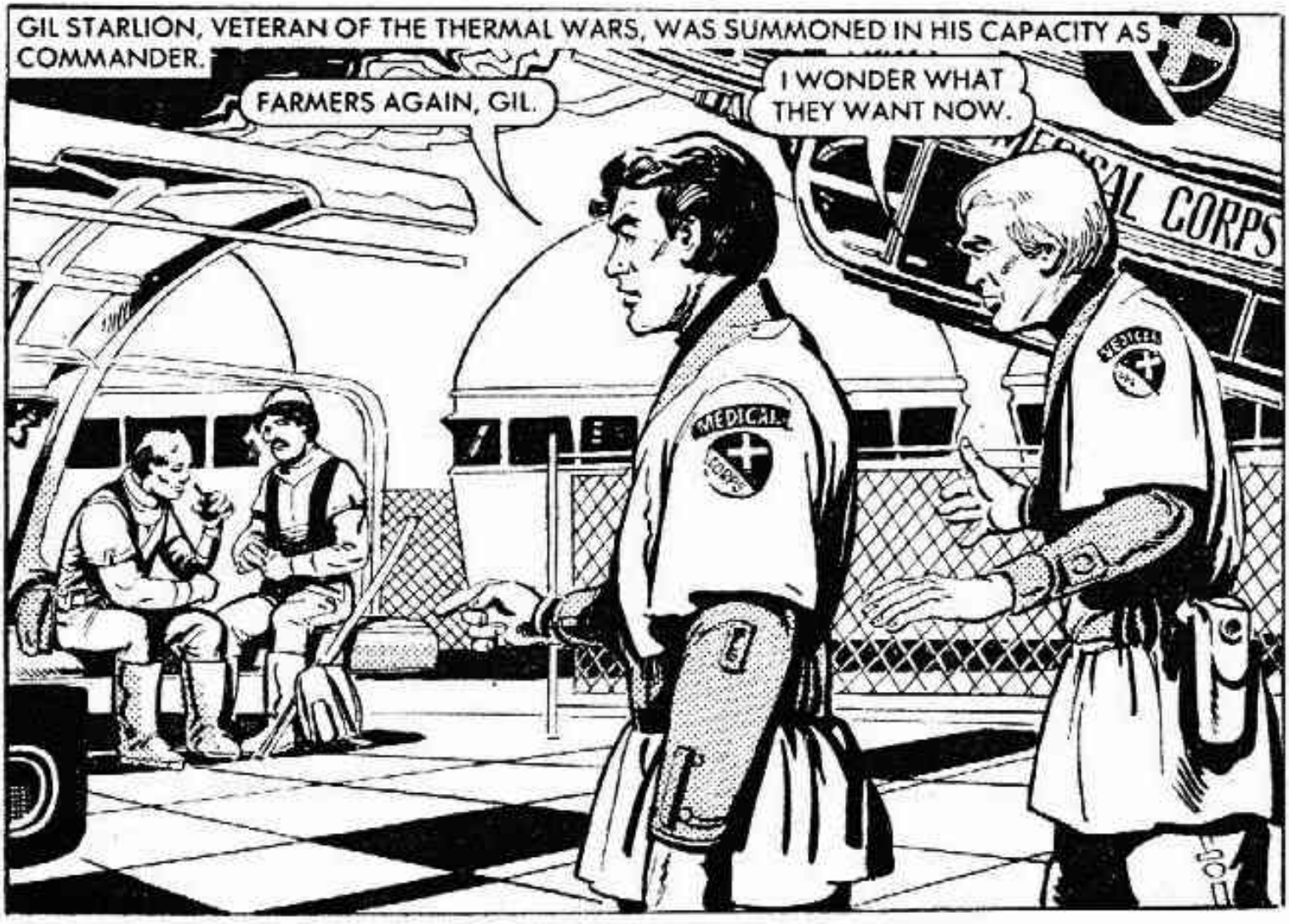
STAY LOW, TAROL . . . THESE MURDERERS WANT NONE OF US ALIVE.

IN HIS SEETHING ANGER TAROL THREW HIS LASER SICKLE AT A PASSING KILLER —
LEAVE US ALONE!

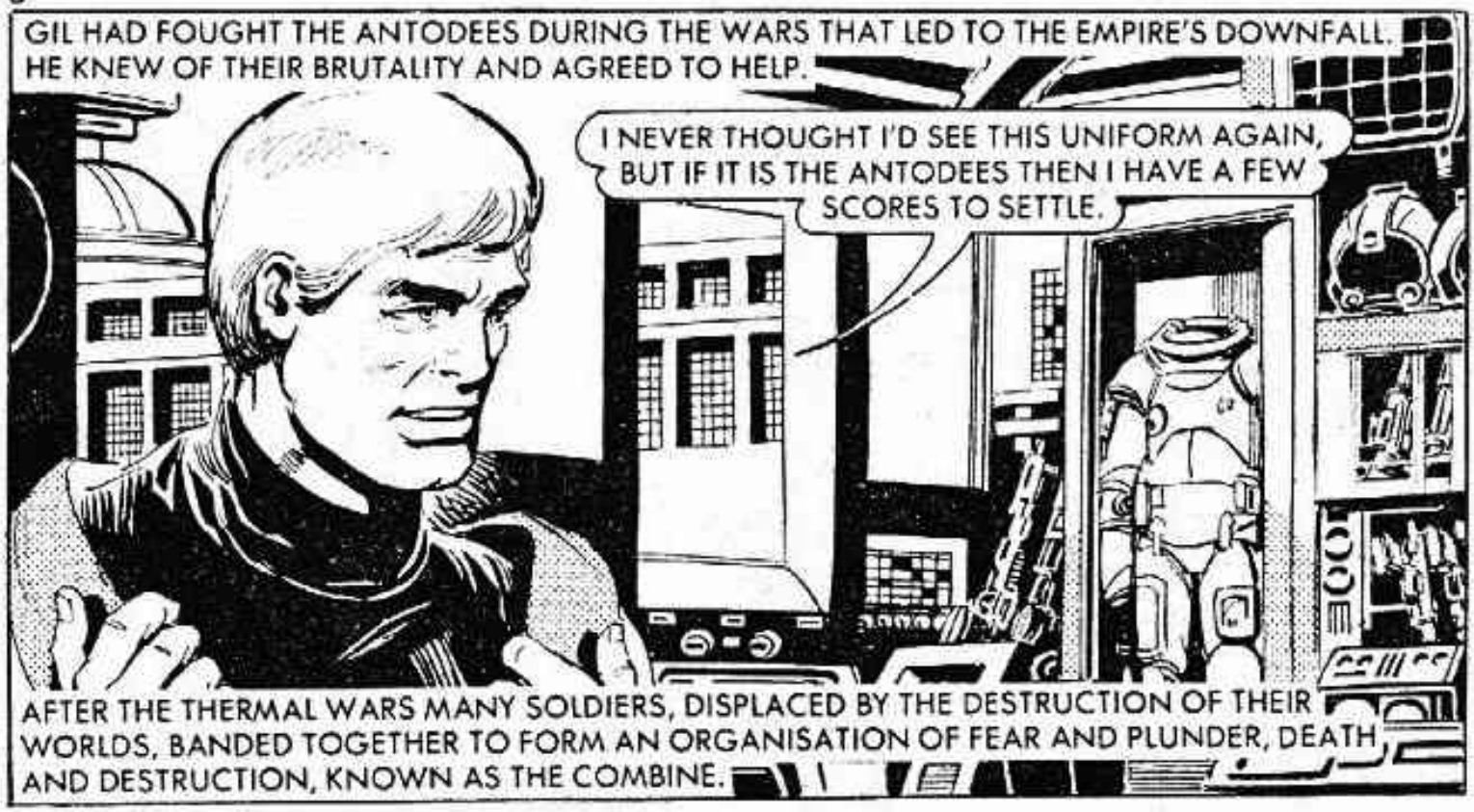
TAROL'S AIM WAS DEADLY AND THE ALIEN DIED IN THE WRECKAGE OF HIS CRAFT.
WHAT DO THEY WANT?
I KNOW NOT — WE MUST SEEK ADVICE, AND HELP.


WE MUST GET HELP! THE FEDERAL COUNCIL HAVE IGNORED OUR CALLS, SO THE MILLENIUM FOUNDATION IS OUR ONLY CHANCE.
THE MILLENIUM FOUNDATION WAS THE ORGANISATION SET UP TO ADMINISTER THE FARMING PROGRAMME.


DAYS LATER, THE FARMERS REACHED THE FOUNDATION, AN ISOLATED ESTABLISHMENT WHERE DEADLY FUNGUS WAS GROWN READY TO BE PROCESSED INTO LIFE-SAVING DRUGS.
WE MUST SEE YOUR COMMANDER, IMMEDIATELY.
EXTREME DANGER
BIOLOGICAL
CONTAMINATION
RISK
GALACTIC MEDICA


GIL STARLION, VETERAN OF THE THERMAL WARS, WAS SUMMONED IN HIS CAPACITY AS COMMANDER.
FARMERS AGAIN, GIL.
I WONDER WHAT THEY WANT NOW.
MEDICAL CORPS
MEDICAL
MEDICAL

WE MUST HAVE HELP! WE CANNOT WITHSTAND ANY MORE ATTACKS.
WE CANNOT HELP! IT IS NOT OUR JOB TO FIGHT.
WHO DID THE ATTACKING ANYWAY?
I DON'T KNOW. BUT THEY WERE TALL, WELL-BUILT AND HAD STARING EYES . . .
ANTODEES . . . THE ASSAULT FORCE OF THE COMBINE.
MEDICAL CORPS


GIL HAD FOUGHT THE ANTODEES DURING THE WARS THAT LED TO THE EMPIRE'S DOWNFALL. HE KNEW OF THEIR BRUTALITY AND AGREED TO HELP.
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THIS UNIFORM AGAIN, BUT IF IT IS THE ANTODEES THEN I HAVE A FEW SCORES TO SETTLE.
AFTER THE THERMAL WARS MANY SOLDIERS, DISPLACED BY THE DESTRUCTION OF THEIR WORLDS, BANDED TOGETHER TO FORM AN ORGANISATION OF FEAR AND PLUNDER, DEATH AND DESTRUCTION, KNOWN AS THE COMBINE.

SHAM — COULD YOU SUMMON LOX AND DEBOR TO THE CONTROL ROOM . . . COME YOURSELF AS WELL.

I THINK THE ANTODEES, AND THE COMBINE ARE ON THE MOVE AGAIN . . . IF THEY ARE, WE ALL HAVE REASONS FOR SEEKING REVENGE.

THE FOUR WASTED NO TIME, BY USING A FOUNDATION CRAFT —
THEY HEADED OVER ONE OF THE STILL POLLUTED RIVERS OF OLD CALEDONIA —
HOW CLOSE ARE WE TO THE LAST ATTACKED PLACE?
OVER IT IN TWO UNITS.
DOWN THERE! THEY'RE NOT COMBINE MEN SO THEY MUST BE SURVIVORS FROM THE FARMS.

THE CRAFT LANDED —
THE COMBINE CAMP IS JUST OVER THE HILLS.
THEY'RE TUNNELLING WITH A MASER-DRILLER.
I WONDER WHY?
JUST TRANSPORTERS — NO WARPFIGHTER BACK-UP.
THEY WERE ONLY EXPECTING TO DEAL WITH FARMERS.
LET'S GET CLOSER.

WHAT ARE THEY AFTER?

THE FOUR PLOTTED —
. . . THE REST OF YOU KNOW YOUR TASKS — LET'S GO!
GIL STRUCK —
THAT SHOULD DISTRACT THE OTHER GUARDS FOR A WHILE!

THIS IMPLODER MINE SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
THE RESULTANT EXPLOSION BROUGHT GUARDS —
YOU ANTODEE BLOOD-LEECH!

THAT'S THE FIRST PART FINISHED, GIL.

INTO THE TUNNEL!

QUIET! THERE'S A LIGHT AHEAD.

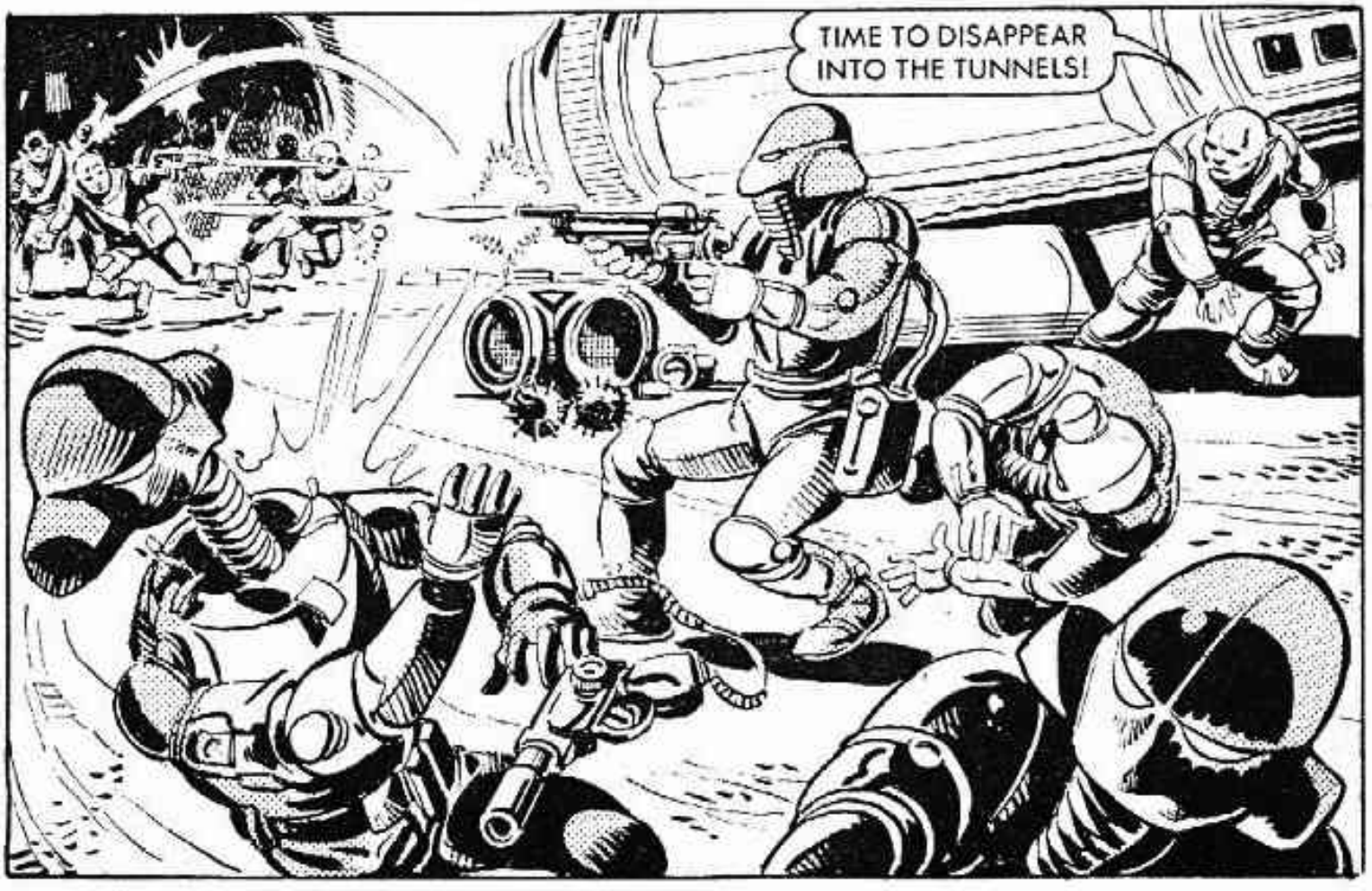
BE CAREFUL!
GUARDS! I CAN HANDLE IT!
SHAM WAS A WEAPONMASTER TRAINED IN THE USE AND DEVELOPMENT OF ALL TYPES OF ARMS.

SHAM USED A BLASTER WHICH COULD DISTORT ITS BEAM —

COME ON!

INTRUDERS!
SO THIS IS WHAT THEY WERE AFTER! A WEAPONS DUMP!

THE FOUNDATION MEN ATTACKED.


TIME TO DISAPPEAR INTO THE TUNNELS!

AFTER THEM!

SOME OF THE COMBINE MEN ESCAPED—
WE'LL BE BACK—WITH ENOUGH HELP TO CRUSH YOU TO SPACE-DUST!

THE TWO CRAFT LEFT EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE TO REORGANISE AND PLAN REVENGE—
THEY WILL RETURN, BUT BY THAT TIME THE FEDERATION SHOULD BE ON THEIR WAY FROM H.Q. ON ARCTURUS.
HIDDEN IN A CAVE, ONE OF THE COMBINE SENT A MESSAGE—
QART TO COMBINE— RELAY THIS TO ZARIBA . . .
ZZZZRRR

AS GIL PREPARED TO SEND FOR HELP—
WE HAVE INTERCEPTED A REQUEST TO MEDICAL CORPS HEADQUARTERS FOR THE FUNGUS DRUG. IT CAME FROM ZARIBA.
ZARIBA! THAT'S WHERE THE COMBINE HAVE THEIR BASE! SO THEY WANT OUR DRUG—THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA.

WE COULD PREVENT RETALIATION BY DESTROYING THEIR BASE!
I WAS ONCE A PRISONER ON ZARIBA—THE BASE IS A FORTRESS.

OUR SHIP HAS MEDICORPS MARKINGS. IF WE TRICK THEM INTO THINKING WE'RE BRINGING THE DRUG THEY'VE ASKED FOR, WE CAN BLUFF OUR WAY PAST THEIR DEFENCES AND DESTROY THEIR CONTROL ROOM.
YOU'LL HAVE TO . . . THE TRANSMITTER IS OFF THE AIR . . . IT MUST BE A SOLAR STORM.

WE HAVE TO STRIKE NOW. WHO KNOWS HOW LONG THE SOLAR STORM WILL LAST?

GIL'S IDEA WAS ACCEPTED AND THEY LOOKED AT THE OLD ARMS DUMP FOR USEFUL WEAPONS.

AS THEY FERRIED WEAPONS ON BOARD THE FOUNDATION SPACECRAFT, QART PREPARED A TRAP—

HERE THEY COME. I'D BETTER GET OUT OF SIGHT!

UNAWARE OF THE INTRUDER, THE FOUNDATION MEN BLASTED OFF FOR ZARIBA.

WILL THE COMBINE LET US LAND?
IF THEY'VE GOT A CASE OF DEEPSPACE SICKNESS, THEY MUST!
DEEPSPACE SICKNESS WAS A TRAVELLERS' DISEASE WHICH CAUSED MUTATION OR DEATH UNLESS TREATED WITH THE FUNGUS DRUG.

MANY SPACIALS LATER—
GALACTIC MEDICAL CORPS VESSEL TO ZARIBA. PERMISSION TO LAND REQUESTED.
PERMISSION GRANTED.

COMPUTER INTERLOCK. LANDING SEQUENCE ENGAGED.

AS THE MEDSHIP CAME IN TO LAND.
SOMETHING'S WRONG. WE'VE GOT A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

CUT IN MANUAL OVER-RIDE!
I HAVE, BUT THEY'VE GOT A TRACTOR BEAM ON US!
CAN'T HOLD IT.
WHAT THE . . ? STUNNGAZ!!?

A VOICE CRACKLED OVER THE VIDCOM—
LEAVE YOUR SHIP IMMEDIATELY OR YOU WILL BE DESTROYED.
COME AND GET US!

NOTHING'S HAPPENED! THEY'RE HOLDING BACK.

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING OR SOMEONE ON BOARD THEY DON'T WANT TO HARM.
SEARCH THE SHIP!

THE SEARCH SOON PAID DIVIDENDS—
I'VE FOUND SOMETHING.

HE'S CALLED QART! A COMBINE MAN ALL RIGHT. I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIM BACK AT THE ARMOURY ON EARTH.
THROW HIM IN THE SECURICELL.

BUT QART HAD OTHER IDEAS—
QART TO COMBINE 5— USE THE BIO-RADIATION!
THE FOOL! THEY'LL KILL US ALL!

BIO-RADIATION KILLS ANY LIVING THING IT TOUCHES!

SUIT UP—QUICKLY.
THEY WON'T PROTECT US, UNLESS . . .
EXTERNAL MAINTEN

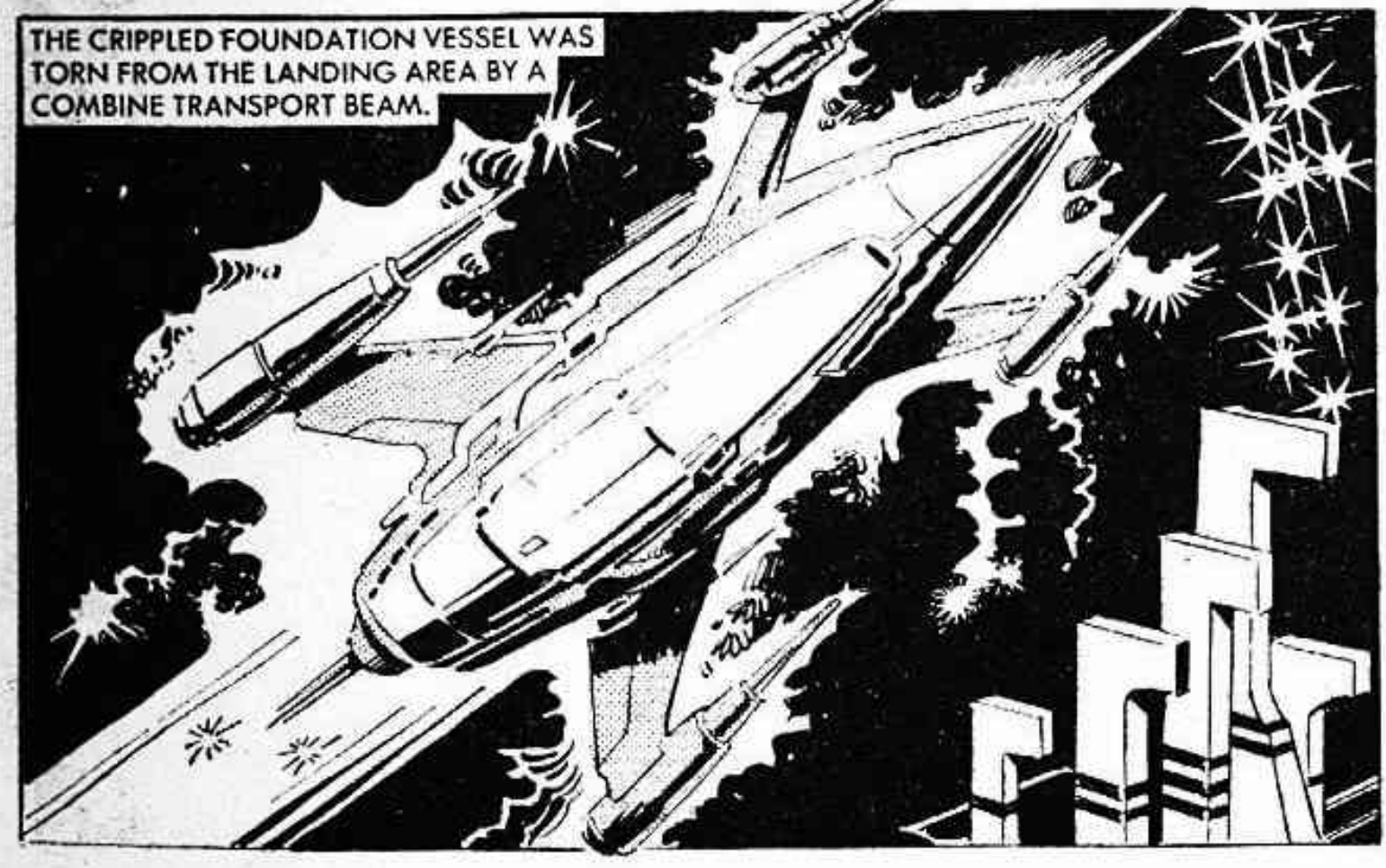
ONCE SUITED UP, GIL ORDERED THEM TO CLIMB THE STORAGE TANK.

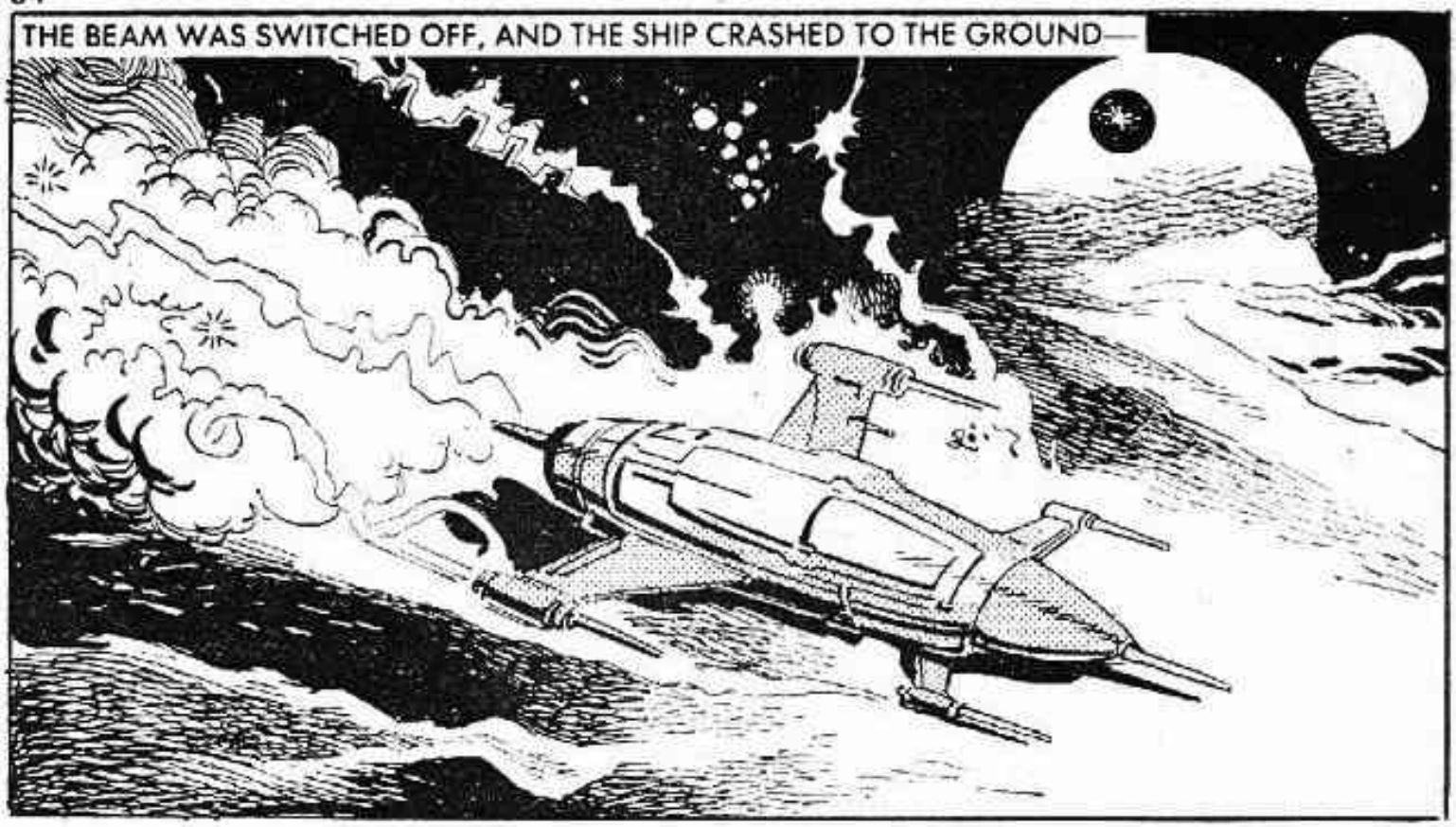
THE DEADLY RADIATION WAS RELEASED.

INSIDE THE TANK—
THE FUNGUS ABSORBS MOST RADIATION . . . I HOPE IT ABSORBS BIO-RADIATION.

WHAT THE . . . ?

THE SHIP LURCHED VIOLENTLY
THE RADIATION'S STOPPED BUT WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW?


THE CRIPPLED FOUNDATION VESSEL WAS TORN FROM THE LANDING AREA BY A COMBINE TRANSPORT BEAM.


THE BEAM WAS SWITCHED OFF, AND THE SHIP CRASHED TO THE GROUND—

AFTER A SHORT TIME THEY LEFT THE TANK—
QART'S GONE!
MUST GET TO CONTROLS— FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED.

THE SCANNERS ARE OUT!
BIP...BIP...BIP...
SCANNER MALFUNCTION
I THINK I CAN EXPLAIN WHY. WE'LL CHECK—AT THE AIRLOCKS.

COCOONED IN A MESON-MATRIX —WE'RE TRAPPED!
THE MESON-MATRIX NULLIFIED MASS, AND THE COMBINE USED IT TO TRANSPORT OBJECTS BY LOW-ENERGY BEAM.

SHAM USED A VORTEX WHIP TO BREAK FREE OF THE MATRIX.
NO WE'RE NOT!

SHAM BLASTED A WAY OUT.

HIT COVER!
GIL'S ARMOURED UNIFORM RESISTED THE BLASTER . . .

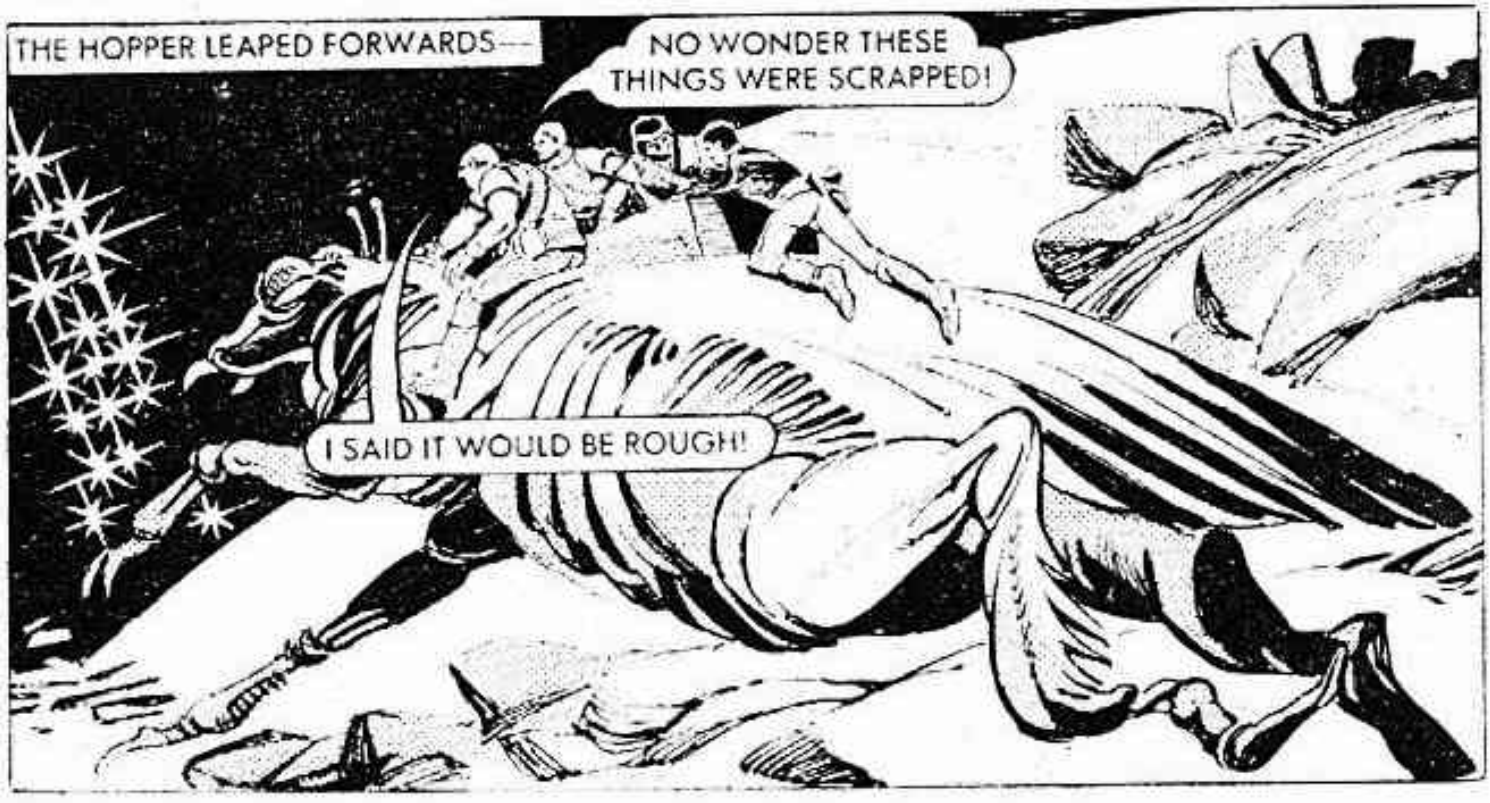
LOX REACTED QUICKLY—

SHAM—BLAST THAT THING FREE!

SHAM FIRED AT THE BLOCK OF PLASTISTEEL CONTAINING AN OBSOLETE BIOCYBORG HOPPER DISCARDED BY THE EDGE OF THE TRANSPORT BEAM.
INSIDE THE BLOCK IS A HOPPER . . .

GIL CLIMBED ONTO THE GENETIC CONSTRUCTED MACHINE AND EXAMINED THE CONTROLS—
EVERYBODY ABOARD.

READY FOR A ROUGH RIDE?
WAIT FOR SHAM!
WHATEVER'S IN THAT BOX BETTER BE WORTH IT!


THE HOPPER LEAPED FORWARDS—
NO WONDER THESE THINGS WERE SCRAPPED!
I SAID IT WOULD BE ROUGH!

eldubya/iodineprie

THEY HEADED BACK TOWARDS THE COMBINE BASE—
THE REAL REASON THEY WERE ABANDONED WAS THAT THE MAGNA-DRIVE SOMETIMES WENT CRITICAL!
YOU MEAN THEY BLEW UP!

AFTER SEVERAL BONE-JARRING UNITS—
THE LEGS ARE STUCK!
THE FRICTION'S BUILDING UP— SHE'S GOING CRITICAL!

DIVE FOR IT!

FROM HERE ON IN WE WALK!

GET OUT OF THE SWAMP —IT'S ACID.

HOW FAR, GIL?
ACCORDING TO THE VIDMAP—ABOUT A UNIT, BUT WE'VE STILL TO CROSS A SILICON PLAIN FIRST.

THE HEAT OF ZARIBA'S DAY WAS ABSORBED BY VAST BLOCKS OF SILICON AND THE WHITE HEAT MELTED ARTICLES ON CONTACT.
WE'VE GOT TO CROSS IT . . . SO DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING OR YOU'LL FRY.

THE HEAT . . . IT'S OVERPOWERING.

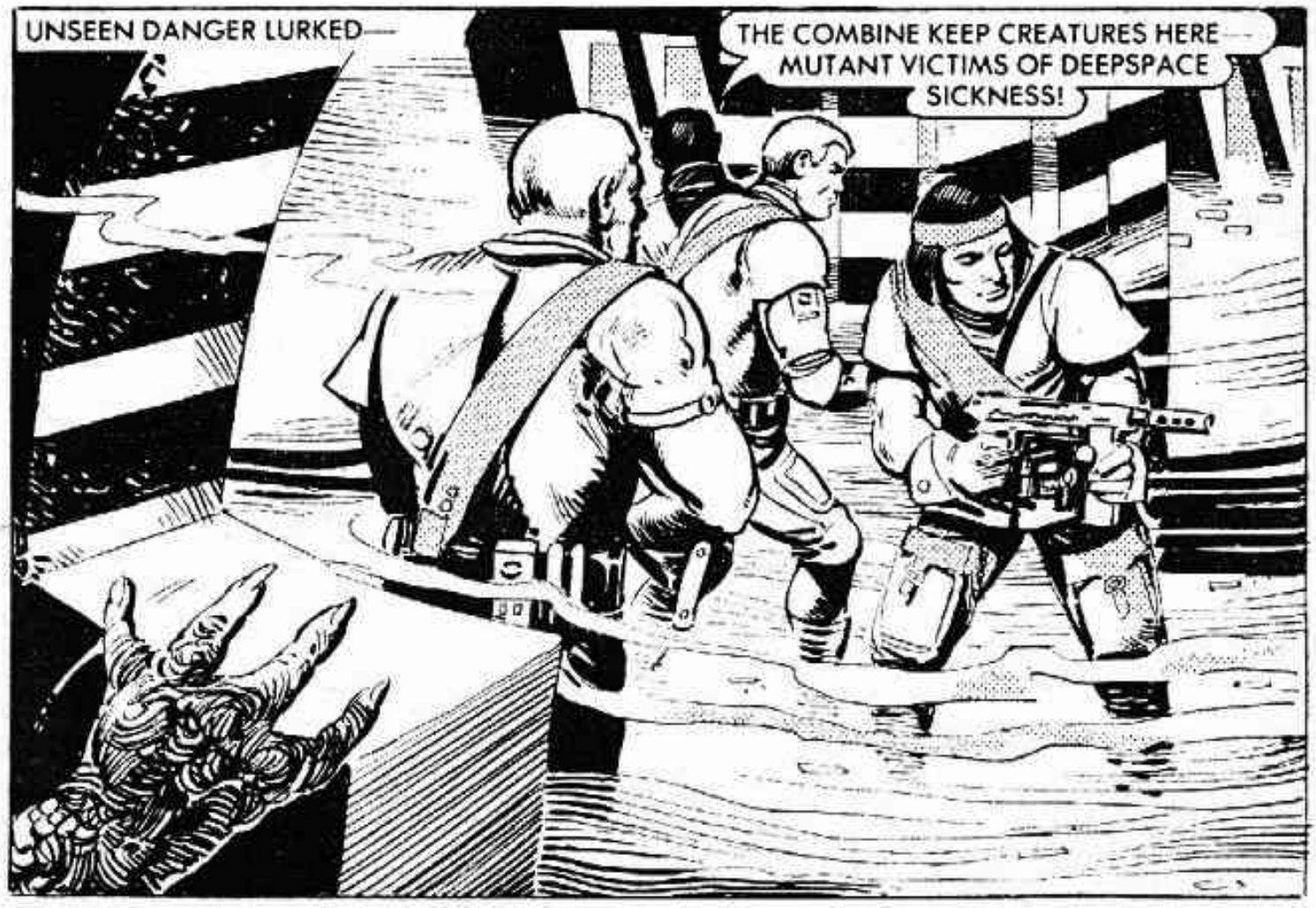
LOX BRUSHED AGAINST A BLOCK OF SILICA—
AAAARGH!

THAT WAS CLOSE! THANK GOODNESS WE'RE ALMOST THROUGH.

THEY EVENTUALLY REACHED THE COMBINE BASE.
OUR TARGET IS THEIR CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM.
HOLD IT! THAT MIST IS " LIVING "!

THE MIST CONTAINS UNSTABLE B-NEUTRONS— IT ABSORBS RADIATION. BLASTERS, LASERS, BIO-RAD—NONE OF THEM WORK HERE.

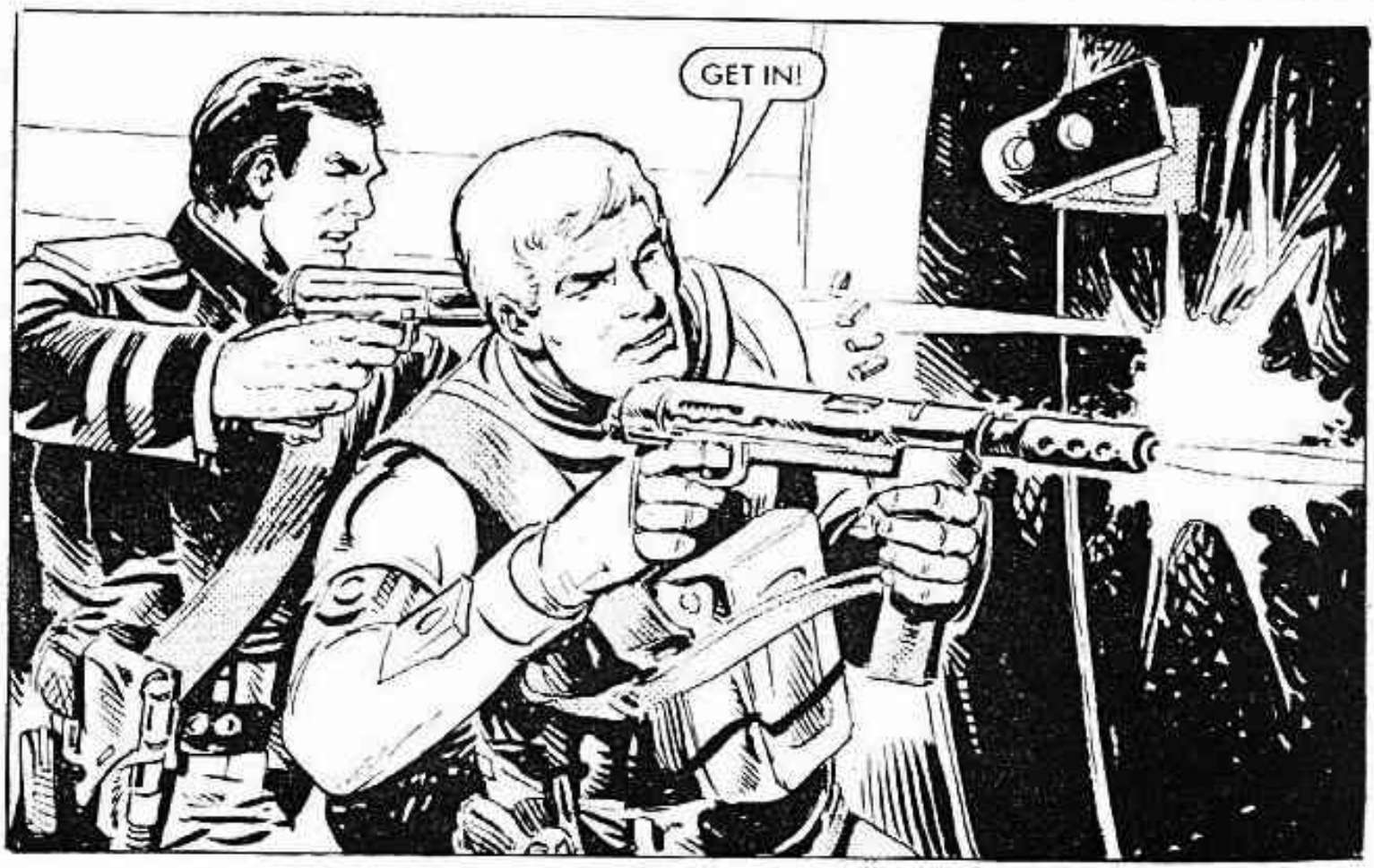
THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT THESE ANTIQUE WEAPONS—THEY FIRE SMALL PROJECTILES AND ARE UNAFFECTED BY THE PREVAILING CONDITIONS.


UNSEEN DANGER LURKED—
THE COMBINE KEEP CREATURES HERE— MUTANT VICTIMS OF DEEPSPACE SICKNESS!

HORDES OF RIGEL! WHAT THE . . .

THE HAIL OF BULLETS BARELY SLOWED THE CRAZED CREATURES—
JUPE . . . RETREAT!
RUN FOR THE WALL!
THE MIST SHOULD BE THINNER THERE!

BLAST THE GATE!


GET IN!

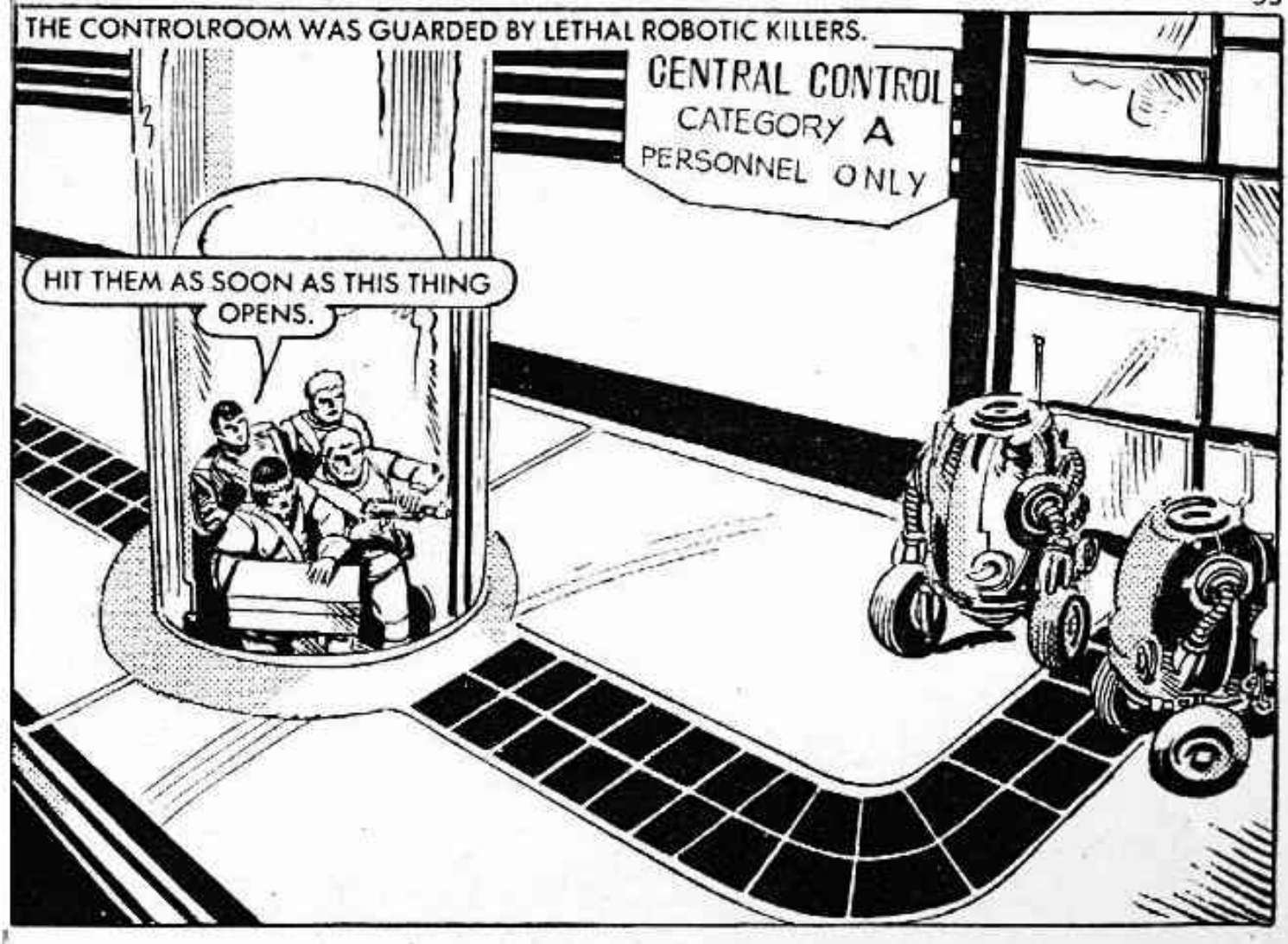
THAT SHOULD FINISH THEM!
THEY'RE STILL COMING.
KRULL'S COMET! AN AUTOGUARD!

THE DEADLY COMBINE MACHINE OPENED FIRE . . .
SHAM FIRED HIS DEFLECTOR BLASTER WITH A HEAT-SEEKING WARHEAD AS HE DIVED OUT OF THE WAY—
THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU!

THE MUTANTS WILL CONFUSE THE SECURITY SYSTEM!
THIS WAY TO THE CENTRAL CONTROL!
GUARDS!
INTO THE PNEU-TUBE!
PNEU TUBE LEVEL 8

ROAST, SPACERATS!

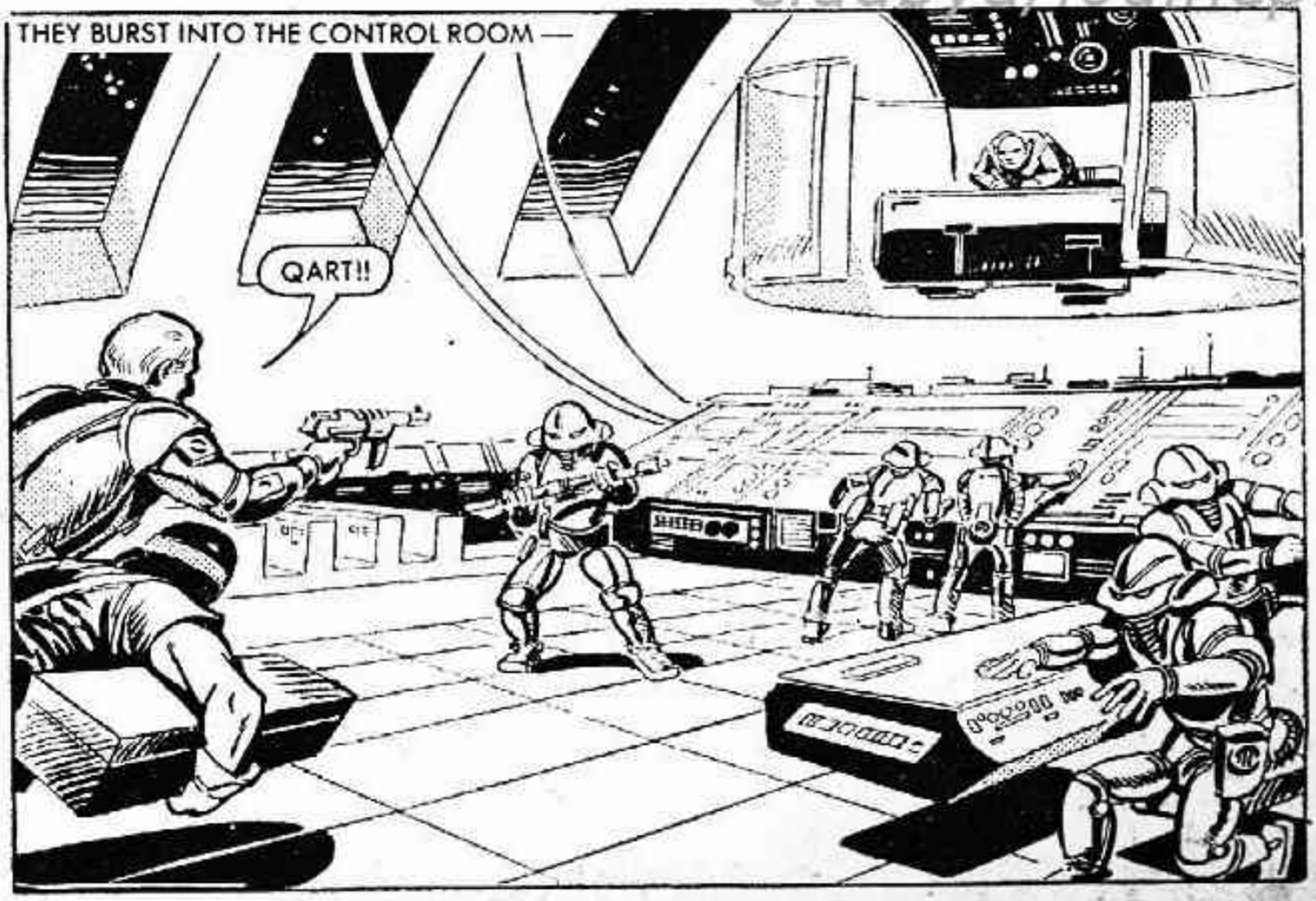
THE PNEU-TUBE SPED THEM TOWARDS THE CENTRAL CONTROLROOM.

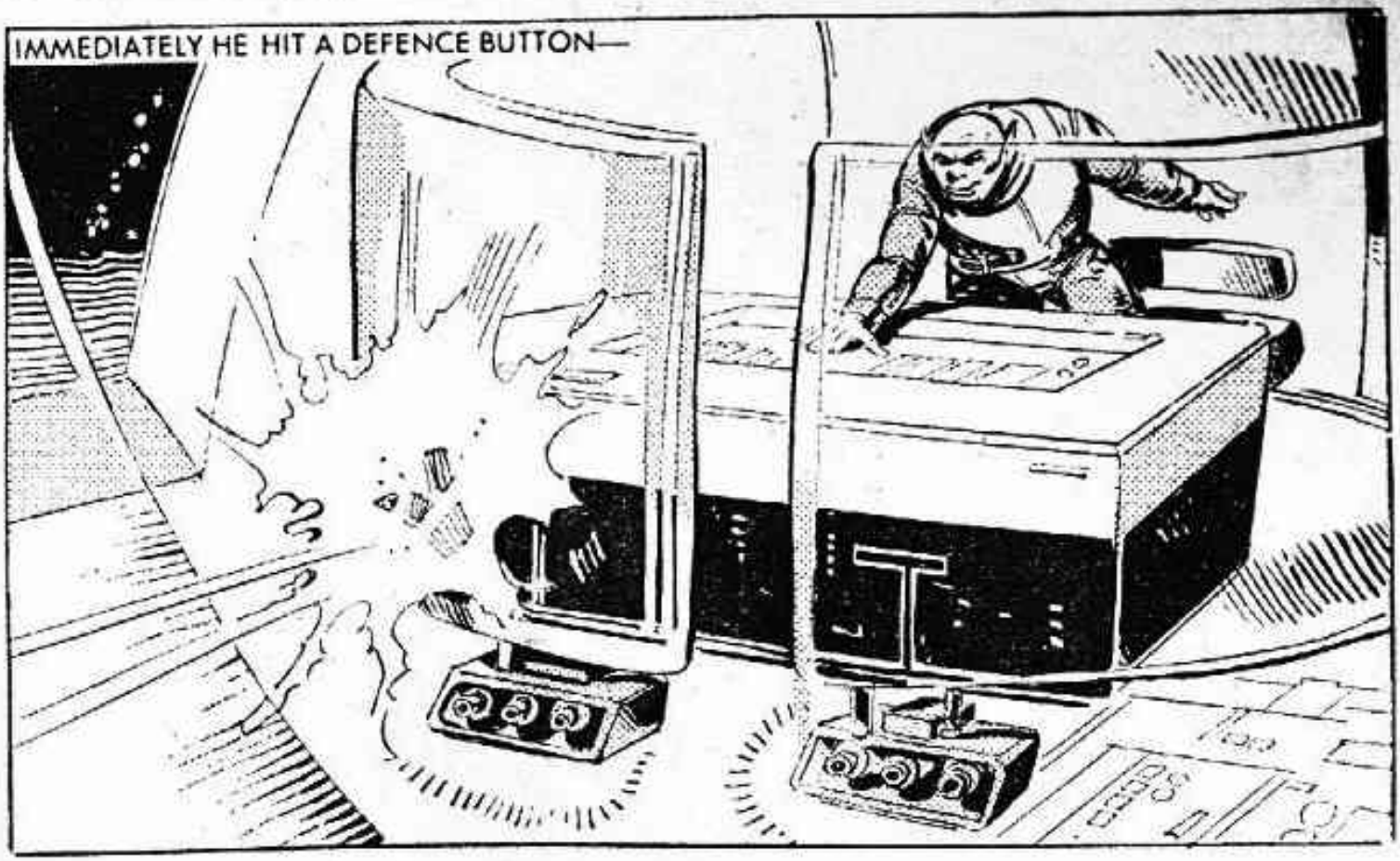

THE CONTROLROOM WAS GUARDED BY LETHAL ROBOTIC KILLERS.
CENTRAL CONTROL
CATEGORY A
PERSONNEL ONLY
HIT THEM AS SOON AS THIS THING OPENS.

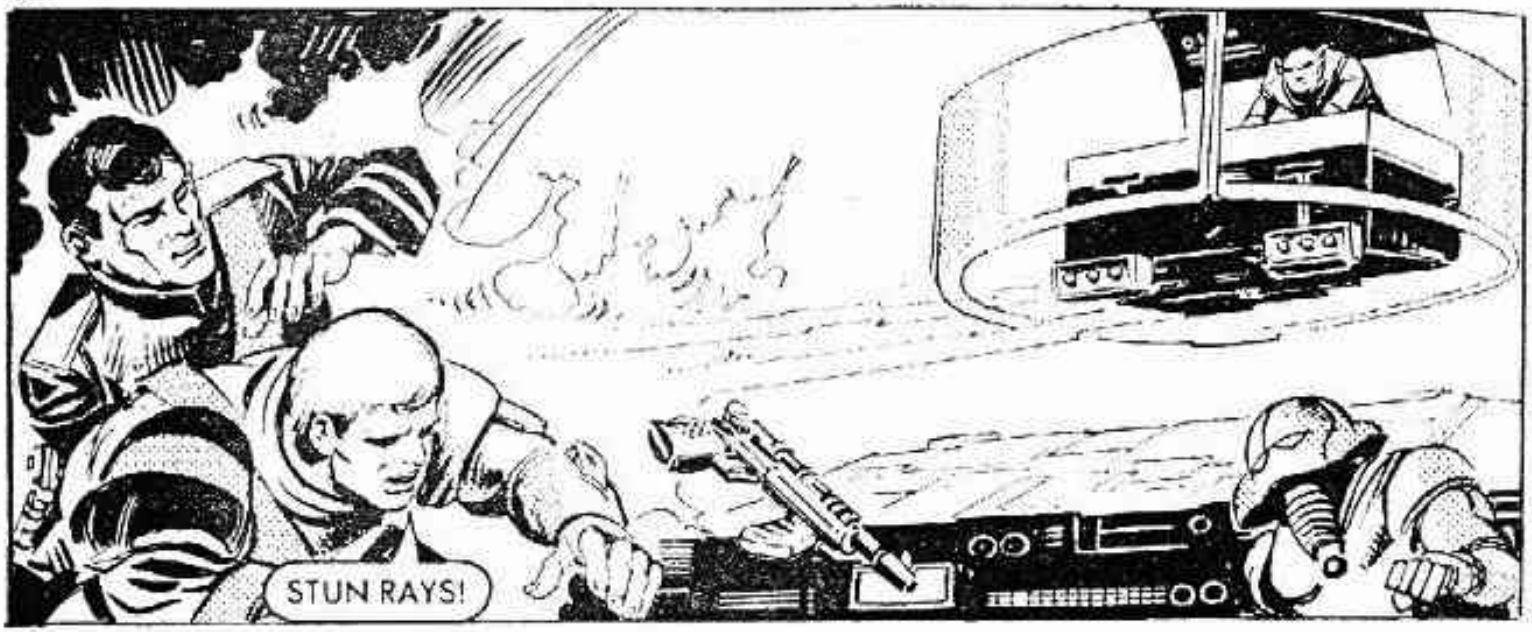
JUPE . . . NOT A MARK ON THEM.

I HOPE THIS ACID GAS WORKS!
THE CONTAINER SHATTERED AND FROM IT BILLOWED THE HIGHLY CORROSIVE GAS—

HURRY!
SECONDS LATER THE ROBOTIC KILLERS LAY SMOULDERING

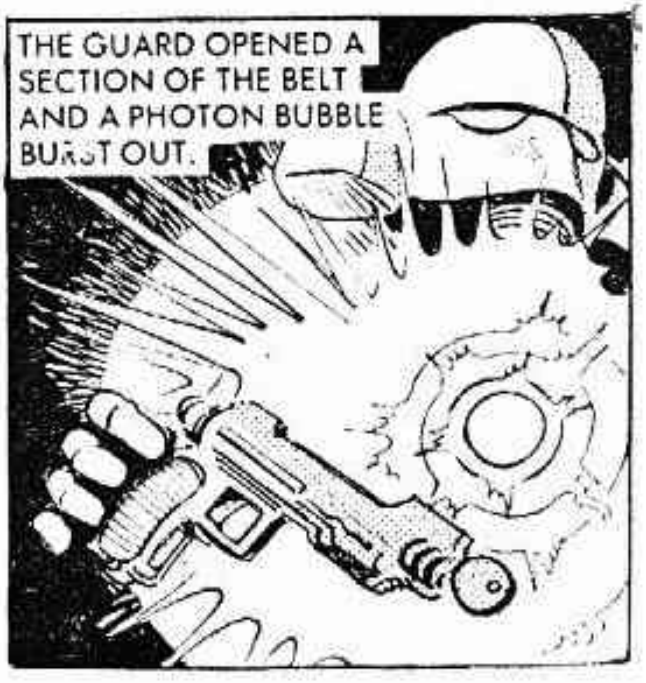

THEY BURST INTO THE CONTROL ROOM —
QART!!


IMMEDIATELY HE HIT A DEFENCE BUTTON—


STUN RAYS!

AS THE FOUR RECOVERED FROM THE STUN RAYS—
QART WILL SEE TO YOUR DEATHS.

WHAT IS IN HERE? ANSWER OR I VAPE YOU!
FIND OUT!


THE GUARD OPENED A SECTION OF THE BELT AND A PHOTON BUBBLE BURST OUT.

AS THE PHOTON BUBBLE FIXED ITSELF TO THE NEAREST SOURCE OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY, IN THIS CASE BRAIN IMPULSES, SHAM JUMPED INTO ACTION—

GET INSIDE HIS DEFENCE SHIELD.

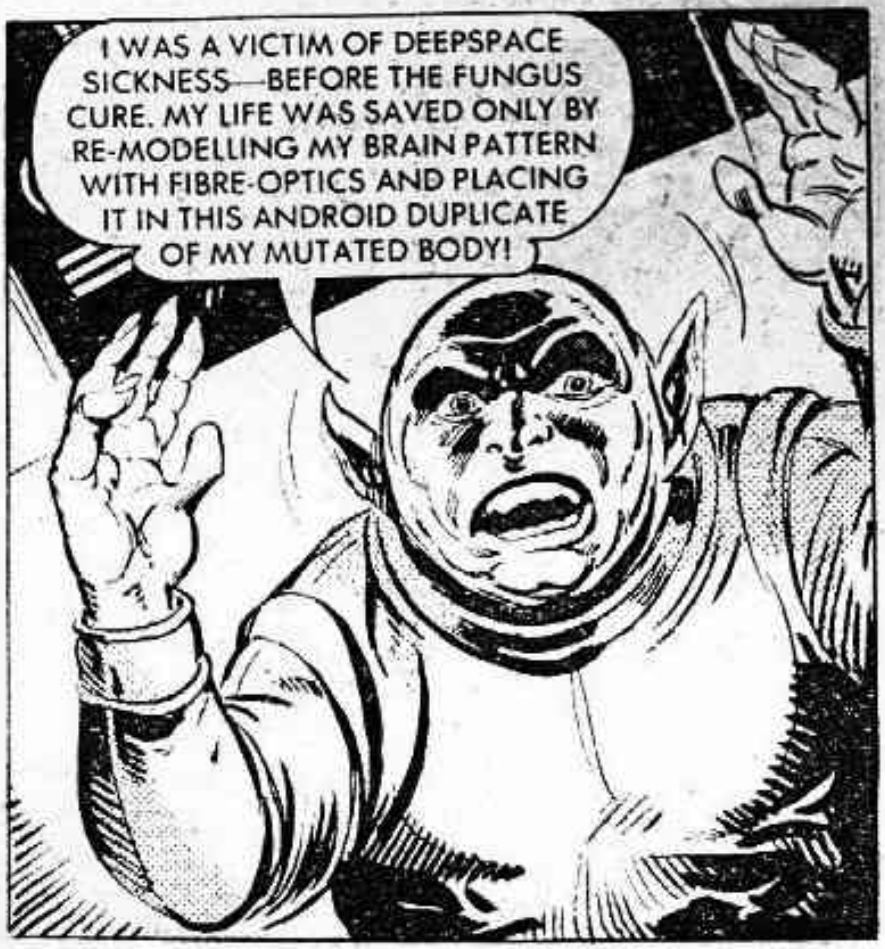
THEY REACHED RELATIVE SAFETY—
GET HIM—BEFORE HE CAN REVERSE THE CONTROLS!

THE BLASTER'S NOT WORKING ON HIM!
NEITHER DID MY LASER!

PUNY FOOL . . . YOU DARE TO ATTACK QART!

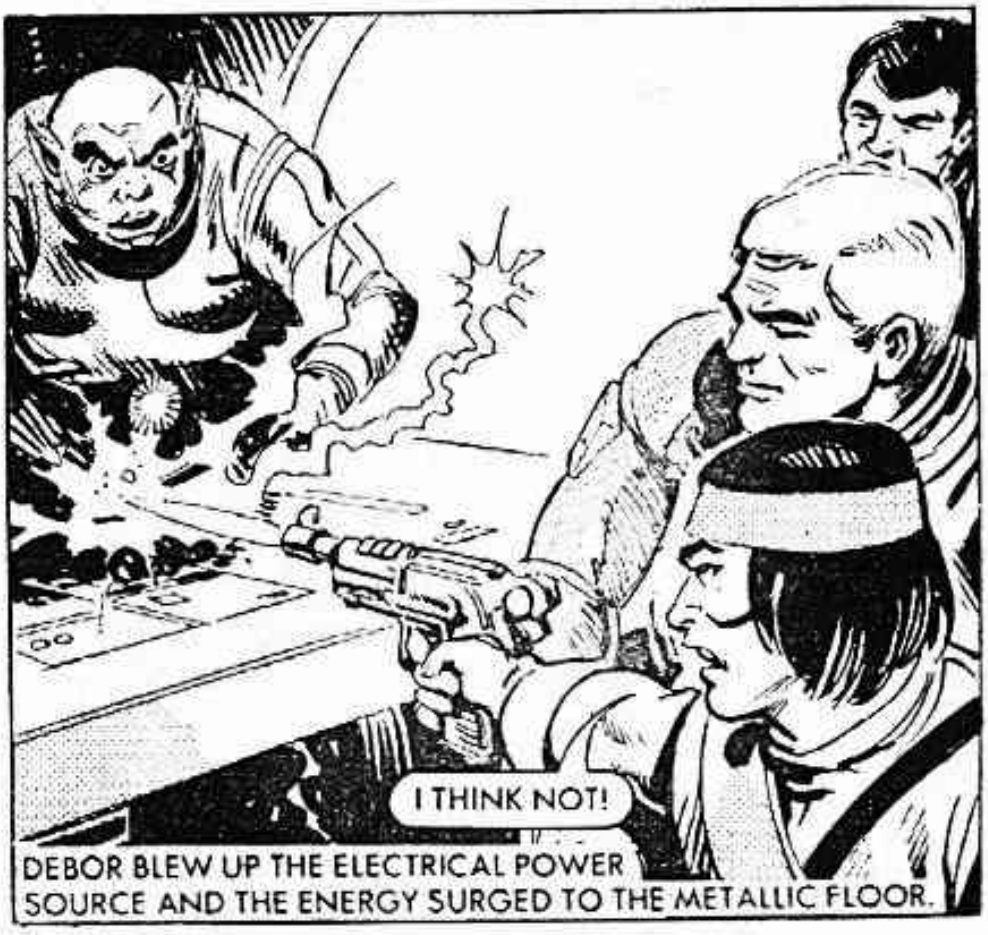
YOU DID WELL TO GET TO THIS NERVE CENTRE OF MY OPERATIONS—BUT NOW YOU ARE POWERLESS!

I, QART, AM THE COMBINE'S LERADER. IT AMUSES ME TO WANDER THE PLANETS OCCASIONALLY. IT MAKES UP FOR NO LONGER BEING TRULY HUMAN!


I WAS A VICTIM OF DEEPSPACE SICKNESS—BEFORE THE FUNGUS CURE. MY LIFE WAS SAVED ONLY BY RE-MODELLING MY BRAIN PATTERN WITH FIBRE-OPTICS AND PLACING IT IN THIS ANDROID DUPLICATE OF MY MUTATED BODY!

QART BEGAN THE DOOR OPENING SEQUENCE—
RADIATION CANNOT HARM ME!

YOU ARE ABOUT TO DIE!


I THINK NOT!
DEBOR BLEW UP THE ELECTRICAL POWER SOURCE AND THE ENERGY SURGED TO THE METALLIC FLOOR.

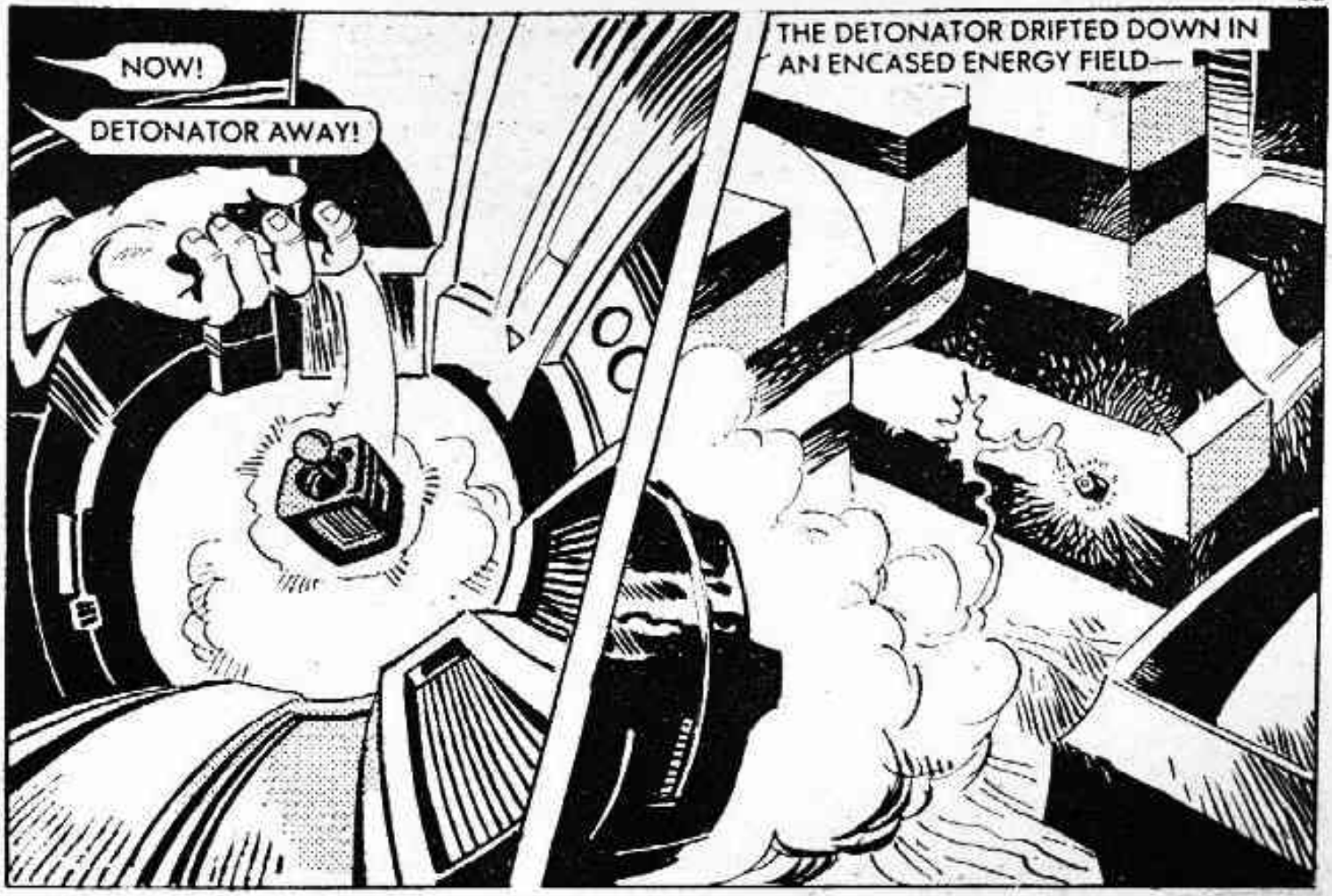
SAFE IN INSULATED SPACEBOOTS THE FOUR SAW QART TAKE THE FULL FORCE OF THE DISCHARGE.
QART'S CIRCUITS ARE OVERLOADED —HE'S HAD IT!

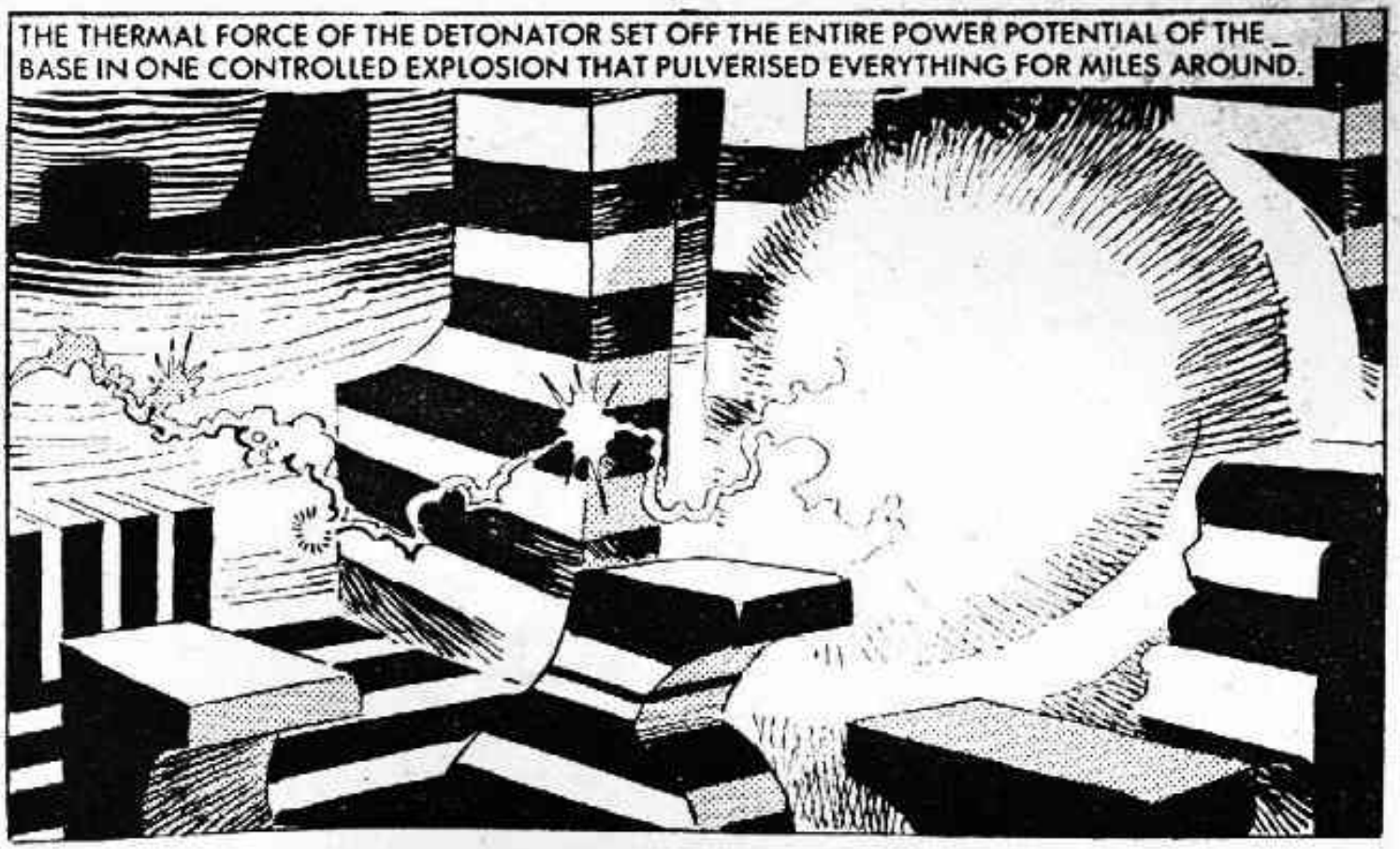
IT'S ABOUT TIME TO LEAVE!

WE'LL FINISH THE COMBINE ONCE AND FOR ALL.
THIS EXPLOSION SHOULD PRODUCE ENOUGH HEAT TO MELT SILICON AND COVER THE COMBINE BASE.

WITH THE BASE RIGGED TO EXPLODE ALL THAT WAS NEEDED WAS A DETONATOR.
I HOPE THIS THERMAL BLASTER IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO TOUCH OFF THE REST.

THE CRAFT BLASTED OFF.
WE'LL ONLY GET ONE CHANCE TO DETONATE THE BASE, SO MAKE SURE YOU HIT THE SPOT.
YOU BET . . .
WASTE DISPOSAL


NOW!
DETONATOR AWAY!
THE DETONATOR DRIFTED DOWN IN AN ENCASED ENERGY FIELD—


THE THERMAL FORCE OF THE DETONATOR SET OFF THE ENTIRE POWER POTENTIAL OF THE BASE IN ONE CONTROLLED EXPLOSION THAT PULVERISED EVERYTHING FOR MILES AROUND.

THAT'S THE COMBINE FINISHED ONCE AND FOR ALL . . . LET'S GET BACK TO OUR JOB OF RE-ESTABLISHING EARTH.
THE INTENSE HEAT MELTED THE SILICON TO COVER THE COMBINE HQ IN A LAYER OF IMPENETRABLE PROPORTIONS AS THE MEDCRAFT HEADED BACK TO EARTH—THE FORGOTTEN WORLD.

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## GUIDE TO THE SPACEMEN 4

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**Russian Air Force Captain GHERMAN STEPANOVICH TITOV was 25 when he flew Vostok 2 for 1 day, 1 hr., 18 min., starting on August 6, 1961. He suffered from space sickness and it is thought that this stopped him making further flights. He is still involved in the Soviet space programme, and is pictured here on one of his many lecture tours.**